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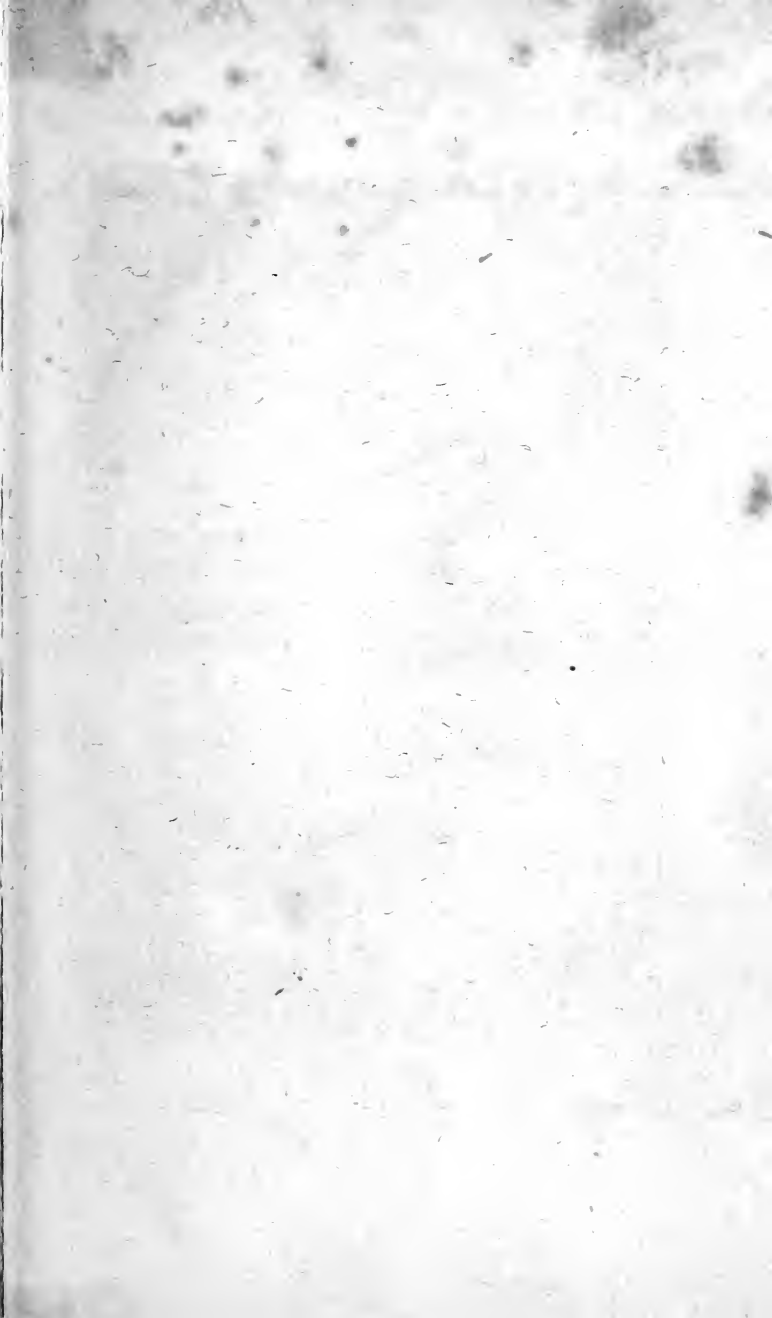
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# FRONTISPIECE.



See page 16.

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LITTLE CHILDREN;

OR THE

HISTORY

OF

LITTLE SARAH.

*Phelps, Amos Augustus*

WRITTEN FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL  
SOCIETY, AND REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE  
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## PREFACE.

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THE Sabbath school has been called, and justly, the "nursery of the church." But there is another nursery, more important than this, and, in the estimation of the writer, possessed of vastly greater efficacy in the work of conversion. It is the family relationship.

Why has God instituted such a relationship? Why has he adopted an arrangement, that necessarily brings into being ten thousand ties of affection, which *instinctively* bind father and mother to son and daughter, and at the same time gives them such unbounded sway over their young minds? Why adopted an arrangement which throws a *magic* influence into the mere words, *father—mother*? God never did this for nothing. Nor did he do it, that the wonderful efficacy of this arrangement in swaying the mind should reach no farther than to the things of time and sense. God aimed at something nobler and more

important. He adopted this arrangement, beyond a doubt, with *main* and *special* reference to the salvation of the soul. Those ten thousand ties of affection, that bind the parent to the child, are only so many *channels* of influence through which the parent is to reach the heart of his child, and sway it on that most important of all subjects—religion. And God opens these channels to the parent for this very purpose. This is the grand object aimed at in the adoption of the family arrangement. All other objects are subordinate. The family arrangement is, therefore, *mainly* an arrangement of instrumentality for the conversion of its members. And God, doubtless, holds parents responsible, in a far higher sense than they are wont to suppose, for the proper application of this arrangement to their children. Under God, it is for them to decide, and every parent does in action decide whether the family arrangement shall be the means of his children's conversion or not.

This matter is far from being fully understood or felt by Christian parents. The time is coming when it will be otherwise, and when the family arrangement, by means of its instruction, discipline, government and influence, will become, next to

the preaching of the gospel, the grand instrument of conversion. This, however, will not be, until two things are secured ; 1. the full and practical conviction on the part of parents that their *little* children may, by the use of a proper instrumentality, be converted ; and 2. the same conviction secured on the minds of their little children.

Parent and child must both believe that conversion may take place, or neither will ever lift a finger or offer up *one* believing prayer for it. It is mere mockery for a parent to pray that God would convert his child, so long as he thinks his child is too young to become a Christian.

Now one of the ways in which the above conviction is to be secured in the mind of the parent and the child, is to publish facts—to lay before them history after history of the *actual* conversion of little children. In this way the prevailing skepticism in regard to the matter will be gradually done away ; Christian parents be aroused to their duty ; praise be perfected out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, and the wonderful efficacy of the family arrangement be seen in the actual conversion of vast multitudes of children.

That the following history may exert some lit-

the influence to this effect, and, at the same time, serve as a useful and precious memento to those who knew little Sarah—especially to her parents, is the sincere desire and prayer of the writer.

It may be well to add that little Sarah lived in H——, Mass. and died Sept. 3d, 1832.

**LETTERS**  
TO  
**LITTLE CHILDREN;**  
OR THE HISTORY  
OF  
**LITTLE SARAH.**

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**LETTER I.**

**SARAH NOT TOO YOUNG TO DIE.**

*Dear little Children,*

MANY of you I never saw, and probably never shall in this world, though I hope I shall in that better world, to which all good people and good children go, when they die. And so, because I never expect to see you and talk to you face to face, I thought I would write to you, and tell you about a sweet little girl that used to go to the Sabbath school, but who died a few months ago, and, as I hope, has gone home to heaven.

This little girl's name was Sarah, and I was once her minister, She used to love me very much, and when I called to see her father and mother, as I used to do sometimes, she always seemed glad to see me; and as she came up to me to shake hands with me, that bright and sparkling eye of hers, and that sweet smile, told me how much she loved, and how glad she was to see, her dear minister.

Well, little Sarah was about nine years old; and, like other little children who love their minister, she used to love to go to the Sabbath school. I do not know that she ever teased her mother to let her stay at home, as some children do. So far from this, I believe she used to feel very bad when any thing happened so that she could not go. Indeed, somebody told me once, that a wicked man, who knew how little Sarah loved to go to the Sabbath

school, tried to *hire* her to stay away. They said he offered her, I think it was twenty-five or fifty cents, if she would only stay away. But she would not do it; and when she came to die, no doubt she was very glad she did not stay away, as that wicked man wanted her to. And her dear father and mother too, when they looked on and saw how sweetly and happily she died, no doubt they too were very glad to think that she did not. Little Sarah and her dear parents, I think, were never sorry, and never will be sorry, that she went to the Sabbath school.

When in the school, she never used to be looking about the room, nor turning over the leaves of her book, nor playing with her bonnet strings or her clothes, nor fixing her hair, nor whispering or playing with the little girl that sat next to her. O no, she never did so; but when her teacher used to

talk to her, and to the other little girls in her class, about their souls, and about God, and heaven, and hell, and that dear Saviour that died for them so that their sins might all be forgiven, if they would only love him, and be so sorry for their sins as not to do so again—I say, when her dear teacher used to talk to her, and the little girls in her class, about these things, she always used to listen to what was said. She did not move about in her seat, as if she disliked what was said, and wanted to have the school stop, so that she might get away, but she used to sit still, and look at her teacher, and hear all that she said; and, sometimes, when her dear teacher told her about the Saviour, a tear stood in little Sarah's eye, and it seemed as if she loved him.

But, dear children, although little Sarah was so sweet and so young a child, she was not too sweet, nor too



young to die. I had been away from the place where Sarah lived for some months; and when I went away, I left little Sarah alive and well, and, for any thing I knew, as likely to live as any little child—but when I went back there to stay a few weeks, as I went to meeting on the Sabbath, to hear the minister preach, (for I had been dismissed, and was no longer Sarah's minister,) what do you think I heard? I will tell you. When the minister rose to pray, he had a little paper in his hands, and he read it, and it told the people that little Sarah was very sick, and that her parents were afraid she would die, and, therefore, they wanted the people to pray for her, so that she might live if God saw fit. And so the people did pray for her. The next day but one, although I was no longer Sarah's minister, I went to her father's house to see her. I found

her asleep. So I went into another room, and there her parents told me something about her sickness. She was very sick. Her disease was in her head, and sometimes, as the pains darted through her head, she would all at once put her hand up to it as if in great distress, but she never complained. When she awoke, which she did soon, I went into the room where she was. As I went up to the bed on which she lay, I said to her, as near as I can recollect, "Well, Sarah, how do you do? I am sorry to find you sick; you are very sick, are you not?" "O yes," said she. "Sarah," said I, as I bent over her so that she could see me more distinctly, "do you know me?" "O yes, I do," and, lifting up her little hand, and putting it on my forehead, she immediately added, "How *glad* I am to see you!" I then said to her, among other things, "Sarah, do you

think you love the Saviour?" "Yes, Sir, I think I do."

As I was standing by her, I saw she kept putting her hand up to her head on account of the pains that darted through it. Said I, "Sarah, you have a great deal of pain?" "O yes." "Well, when you are lying here and have so much pain, does it not make you feel happy to think of your dear Saviour?" "*O yes it does,*" she said; and then added with great feeling, "*Can't I go and be with him?*"

After she had said a few more things, which I cannot now remember, her uncle asked her if she would not like to have me pray with her. "O yes," said she, "I should—do make haste." I told her to wait a moment, till the other people in the house were called in. When they had all come in, I said, "We will pray now." "O do," said

she. So I closed my eyes and began, but she broke in upon me at once, and said, "Give me your hand." I gave it to her, and she took it in her's, and held it till I had done; and when I had done, "O," said she, "that was a good prayer"—meaning, I suppose, that it made her feel very happy. After prayer, I bid her good bye, and told her I hoped I should see her in heaven, if I did not see her any more in this world. It was a very affecting scene, I assure you. When we saw how much pain she was in, and then heard her talk, it made us all weep. After this, I said a few words to her dear parents, and went away.

I was gone out of town for a few days, and when I came back little Sarah was dead, and they had sent for me to attend her funeral.

I went. The house was full of people—old and young, and little children.

Many little children were there, just about as old as Sarah, who used to go to the Sabbath school with her. They were alive, but little Sarah was dead, and laid in the narrow coffin, and they had come to see her for the last time, and to see the people carry her away, and lay her in the cold grave.

They had come too, to hear what the minister that Sarah, and many of them, loved so much, had to say to them. So I spoke to them, and to the older people too, and told them how Sarah died, and that if they would die as Sarah died, they must live as Sarah lived, and love the same Saviour that Sarah loved. And when I told them how she died, there were many fathers there, and many mothers, and many children too, who wept. After prayer, the people carried her cold body to the grave, and there, I suppose, it will lie, till you and I, and all the people now

in the world, are dead and laid in the grave too. And it will probably lie there longer than that—even till the last trumpet sounds. Then, as you know, all that are in their graves will come forth, and among the rest, little Sarah, and you, and I, and all those little children that were at Sarah's funeral, and all the grown people that were there too.

We shall all come up out of our graves, and then we shall all go to stand before that Saviour that Sarah loved; and, if we love him too, then he will take us all to himself, to be with him, and live with him, and be happy in loving and serving him forever and ever. But if you, and those little children, and those grown people too, that were at Sarah's funeral, have not lived as Sarah lived, nor loved the Saviour that Sarah loved, then you and Sarah must be separated forever, and

those little children, and those grown people, that looked on her as she lay there in her little coffin, will never look on her any more, but while she rises to that bright world where her Saviour lives, and where she will ever live and see his glories, and be made happy by his smiles, they and you must sink to that dark world, where no Saviour can ever come to smile upon and bless you.

And now, dear children, will you remember this? and will you think of it, and think every day, that if you would die as Sarah died, you must love the Saviour that she loved?—and will you remember too, that, just like little Sarah, you are not too small or too young to die?

## LETTER II.

## SARAH IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

*Dear Little Children,*

I AM now going to tell you something more about little Sarah in the Sabbath School. I remember very well, that little children in the Sabbath School like to hear what the other teachers say to the other children. Sometimes, I believe they ask each other what their teachers said to them. Well, Sarah's teacher wrote me a letter, and told me what she used to say to her, and what Sarah used to say in reply. And now if you will try to remember it I will tell you.

Sarah's teacher says, "I can safely



say that, when little Sarah was a member of my class, there was a marked difference in her appearance, from the rest of the class. She was always very attentive while the class were saying their lessons; and when I conversed with them about the Saviour Jesus Christ, she would always listen with deep interest to hear all I said; and she seemed to realize and feel it. At one time, I told her she must pray to God, and ask him to give her a new heart. 'I do pray to God,' she immediately replied, 'and I do think God has given me a new heart.' But why, said I, do you think God has given you a new heart? 'Because I love to *think* of him,' was her answer. Well, do you think, Sarah, said I, that you should be willing to die, if you could go and be with the Saviour? She readily answered 'Yes.' I repeated the question,

but varied it a little so as to have her see what I meant—should you be willing to leave your dear father and mother, to go and be with the Saviour? To which she replied as before, ‘Yes;’ but as she did it, it cost her a struggle in order to keep from shedding tears.”

You see from this, dear children, that little Sarah loved her parents very much. Indeed, if she had not loved them very much, she would not have been a good girl. That little boy and that little girl, who do not love their father and mother, never need to think, that they are good children. But little Sarah loved her Saviour more than she did her parents—much as she loved them—and so when her teacher asked, which she had rather do, stay in this world and live with them, or go and live with her dear Saviour, she was ready to say at once, she had rather go

and be with him, although the thought of leaving her parents almost made her weep. She doubtless remembered the words of her Saviour, how he said, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me."

But to return—little Sarah's teacher says, "she often seemed to be affected, when I talked with her about the Saviour, and urged her to repent of all her sins. She would say, in reply, she thought she was sorry for them—she did pray to God—she hoped God had or would give her a new heart, and she thought she did love him. This conversation, and much more to the same effect, I recollect perfectly.

"After this," says her teacher, "I talked with her mother about what she had said to me. She said she had not seen any particular change in her, but that she was a very good girl—that she al-

ways loved to go to the Sabbath school, and when she went home would frequently tell what had been said to her at the school.

“I thought at the time,” continues her teacher, “that little Sarah had yielded up her heart to that Saviour, who alone is worthy. I think so still; and though aware, that I am poorly qualified to judge, still I hope and trust that she is now dwelling in the presence of that Saviour, and lifting up her voice in the grateful ascription of praise, *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.*”

This, then, dear children, was little Sarah in the Sabbath school. Are you like her? Do you love to go to the Sabbath school? Do you listen to all your teacher says? Do you think you have a heart to love God? Do you love to *think* of God? Do you love to pray to him? Do you love the Sa-

viour more than you love your father or mother? Do you set more by him than you do by any of your playthings—or books—or clothes, or any thing in the world? If you do not, then you are not like little Sarah. Besides, what if I should come and talk with your mother about you, would she tell me you are a very good child, and love to go to the Sabbath school, and often tell her what your teacher says to you? This is what little Sarah's mother says she did. And what if, like little Sarah, you should be taken sick and die? Do you think, your dear teacher could say she hoped you had yielded your heart up to the Saviour, and that you were now standing in the presence of that Saviour, clad in white and lifting up your little voice, with the *ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, round about the throne, saying with a loud*

*voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain?* Say, dear little children, could your teacher say this of you, if you were dead and laid in the grave as little Sarah is? O, that is a blessed world to which all good children and good people go, when they die.

There is the Saviour—that same Saviour that came down to this world to save us. And he is not lying in a manger—or out in the fields, or on the mountains. Nor are there any wicked men there to buffet him, and spit on him, and nail him to the cross. But there he sits upon a throne, and angels and good men are all round about him, loving, and praising, and adoring him. There too are all good little children, such as Dickerman, and Mead, and little Sarah, and they too are lifting up their voices and their hearts in adoration and praise.

## LETTER III.

SARAH DURING HER SICKNESS.

*Dear Children,*

I WILL now tell you something more about little Sarah. I have already told you how she loved to go to the Sabbath school. I will say a word or two more about this. She began to go to the Sabbath school when she was only four years old. When she first began to go, the superintendent offered to give a Testament to every one in the school, who could read it correctly. Little Sarah could. So the superintendent gave her a Testament, and she always set a great deal by it. She left it behind her when she died, and it is now

laid up along with the other books of her little library.

There were two Sabbath schools in the place where Sarah lived—one at the meeting-house, and the other, which was held after meeting in the afternoon, at the school-house near to the house in which Sarah lived. She used to attend them both. A few weeks before she was taken sick, the superintendent of the school near her house, says that she was more attentive to what he said to the scholars than usual. When he told them some interesting things about pious children, she was very much affected, so that the tears stood in her eyes.

There was a large room in her father's house which they called the hall. Sarah used to keep her playthings and her books there ; and was very fond indeed of going away alone into it. Her mother used to think it was only to



amuse herself with her things and her books ; but since she died, she thinks that she probably spent a part of the time in prayer. For, a short time before she was taken sick, when one of her little mates called to see her, and they were in the hall together, she told her little playmate, that she tried to be good very often—that sometimes she thought she was, or should be—but that afterwards she would forget it again, and *that she prayed often.*

But, dear children, as I told you before, little Sarah was not too young or too good to die. Indeed the day after she died, a lady said, that Sarah appeared so different and so much more forward than other children, that she had never thought she would live long, and that she had before told her mother not to love her too much, because she thought that Sarah “was not long for this world.” And so it proved. As I have

before told you, she sickened and died.

The first conversation after she was taken sick, which her mother remembers, was on the Sabbath. Sarah said, "Oh dear ! mother, don't you pity me?" "Yes," said she, "you wish to get well, I suppose." "I don't know," replied Sarah, "if I were well, I should want to be sick, that I might go and live with God." "But," said her mother, "do you love God?" "Yes," said she: "and I have seen God a great many times ;"\* and then added, "Mother, don't you wish that you could see him ?"

The next Tuesday, she was thought to be better, and on Thursday, one of the ladies that took care of her, said to her, "we think you are much better, Sarah ; can you not thank God that he

\* See page 42.

has made you more comfortable ?”  
“ Yes,” she replied. “ Well, Sarah, do you love God ?” “ Oh yes.” After a few moments’ pause, she said very thoughtfully—“ Is it not God that makes us sick ?”

She said nothing more about dying for a day or two, but was very thankful for every thing that was done for her. The people could scarcely turn her over in the bed, or give her any thing to take, but she would thank them for it. The next Sabbath night, she said to her aunt, “ I thank every body for every thing they do for me, though I do not *always* tell them.” She was also very much afraid of making unnecessary trouble. When her mother happened to be out of the room, she would often inquire after her. If told that she was at tea, or had lain down, and then asked if she wished her to come in, “ O no,”

she generally replied, “not if she is tired.”

Her disease at this time was becoming more and more alarming. During Sabbath night she was seized with spasmodic fits. She lay in one of these for some time, and every one thought that she was dying. In the morning however, she revived again. She then called all the family to her, one by one, and kissed them. She then kissed her little infant brother, about five weeks old, as they held him to her. This was so affecting, that they all began to weep. When little Sarah saw it, she said, “Mother, what are you crying for?—don’t cry—don’t cry;” and then seeing her father weeping too, she added with great earnestness—“*Don’t weep for me.*”

“During a part of the forenoon, she lay in such a stupor that she could not be made to understand what was said

to her. After she became rational again, her father and cousin being alone with her, she said, "Father, how good you are to me. What a good father you are *now*. I wish you would pray." "Do you wish some one to pray with you?" said her father. "Oh yes, father, I wish *you* would pray for me." "I do," said he. In a few moments she said again—"Do just pray for me this once, *do let me hear you, father!*" Her cousin now left the room, thinking that her presence might be some restraint, as Sarah's father was not in the habit of praying before others. Whether her father prayed with her then, or not, I do not know. Sarah however prayed, and her father says that she made an excellent prayer. About this time she told her father that when she got well, she, and her brother, and father, and mother, would go to meeting. At

another time, she said that it was a good thing to go to meeting.

The next day I went to see her. What she said when I was there, I have already told you in my first letter, and therefore will not repeat it here. After this, until her death, she appeared and conversed much as she did when I saw her. She frequently used to break out in such expressions as these, especially after she had had some sharp pains,—“a great God,”—“a great and holy God,”—“merciful Father.”

Such was little Sarah, dear children, *during her sickness*. I have some other things which she said, to tell you of, but I must keep them for the next letter. In the mean time, let me ask every one of you, if you think *you* should be like little Sarah, if you were sick like her? When she was well, she loved to pray. And when she was sick, she still loved to do so. She wished

other people to pray—she wanted to go and live with God—she thanked every one for every thing they did for her—when her father and mother were crying to think that she was going to die, she told them not to cry for her, and when the pains darted through her, and she was in great distress, she never complained, but would exclaim—a great and holy God—merciful Father, and such like, as if she felt that it was all right. Now, dear children, do you think that you should feel so, if you were lying on a sick bed, just going to die, and your father and mother, and brothers and sisters, stood around you weeping, and you were full of sharp, darting pains? What think you? Think *you* should feel so? No, dear children, you would not, unless you become while you are well what little Sarah was when she was well.

## LETTER IV.

SARAH FOND OF PRAYER.

*Dear children,*

I suppose you are all anxious to hear something more about little Sarah. I should feel very bad if I thought you were not. Indeed, if I thought so, I do not know but I should stop writing to you about her.

Well, little Sarah, as I have told you, was taken very sick. During her sickness she said a great many interesting things. I have already told you some of them. I will now tell you more. There was *one* thing, which I think every little child, and all grown people too, ought to remember. It was this. *Little Sarah was always very fond of prayer.*



Now there are a great many grown people, and a great many children too, who do not like to pray to the great God themselves, and who do not like to hear other persons pray. Many children had much rather not pray than pray. They set much more by their plays than they do by praying to God. They had rather be among those people that talk and laugh, and tell foolish and sometimes wicked stories, than with those that pray. And I suppose if they always did just as they wanted to; themselves, they would hardly ever think of making a prayer to the great God.

To be sure these children do not think it is so with them; and if I should come to them and say it was, they would think I was saying very hard things about them. But it is so. Why, how many little children there are, who cannot live a day without having some

of their plays, and they enjoy themselves very much when they have them, and yet those same children can live a whole week, and some of them a whole year, without so much as once going away by themselves all alone, to pray to the great God. Nay, some of them would think it a very hard thing indeed, if their parents should make them go away alone to pray once every day. Oh, how unwilling some of them would be to do it! Now do you think, dear children, they could live a whole week or year without praying to God, if they liked to pray as much as they like their plays? No, they could not. They had much rather not pray than pray. Oh! how many children there are, (and grown people too,) that would do almost any thing sooner than make a prayer to the great and holy God!

But it was not so with little Sarah. She loved to pray herself; and she lov-

ed to hear other people pray too. As I told you in the last chapter, she used to pray often, *before* she was sick. I suppose that was what she sometimes went away alone into the hall for. I think very likely, that that hall, where Sarah kept her books and her playthings, *was Sarah's praying room*; and doubtless the great God, who sees every body every where, and hears every thing they say, has more than once looked down into that room and seen little Sarah there upon her knees, and opened his ear, and heard all that she said in her prayers. Yes, when nobody else knew any thing about it, the great God knew. He saw her. He heard all she said.

And I think it very likely that little Sarah used to feel, when she was praying there all alone, that the great God was there with her, and did see her and hear her. She loved Him

so, and it made her so happy to pray to him, that very likely she felt as if he was there in the room with her, and was near to her and was all around her. And this I suppose is what she meant, when she told her mother that she had "*seen God a great many times.*" No doubt she referred to some of those seasons of prayer, when God seemed so near to her, and she felt as if she was speaking to him face to face.

Little Sarah also loved to pray, *after* she was sick, as well as before ; and when she was in so much pain, or was so weak as not to be able to pray herself, if some friend was in the room, she was very fond of having that friend pray with her and for her, and she used to ask them to do so often ; as you will see from what I am now going to tell you. And then she used to enjoy the prayers very much.

Once during her sickness, when her

uncle watched with her, she awoke in the night and conversed as pleasantly and rationally as any well person, for fifteen or twenty minutes, and asked him to pray with her.

At another time, when she had been in a great deal of pain, and very restless during the day, the people went out of the room and left her and one female friend alone, so that she might be quiet and get some rest in sleep. This friend, supposing that Sarah would fall asleep sooner, if she had nothing to attract her attention, leaned her head down upon the bed by Sarah's side, and closed her eyes. Sarah noticed it at once, and said "are you at prayer?" "Not now," replied her friend. Sarah then said, she wished she would pray. Her friend began with "Our Father, who art in heaven"—"Oh!" said Sarah, interrupting her, "I can say that"—meaning, doubtless, that she could

use those words herself, and therefore wished something to be said, more applicable to her case. She then appeared to join in the devotion, and soon fell asleep.

At another time, after she had been in great pain, she said to her mother, "do turn me over, and talk *religious* to me." She repeatedly asked her mother as well as others to pray with her.

But, dear children, little Sarah loved to pray herself, as well as to hear others. One evening she put her little hands together, as she lay on the bed, and, in a very slow and solemn tone, began to repeat a verse which she had learned at the infant Sabbath school, and seemed to turn it into a prayer. What the verse was, I do not know, as her mother cannot remember it.

I must close this letter, dear children, here. In my next, I will tell you something more about little Sarah. In

the mean time, I think you will all see from what I have now told you, that little Sarah, who died so sweetly, was *always very fond of prayer*. But is it so with all of you? All you children, that read this letter, and see how little Sarah loved to pray herself, and how she loved to have other people pray for her and with her, are you as fond of prayer as she was? God knows it, if you are. And dear children,—

“God is so good that he will hear  
Whenever children humbly pray,  
He always lends a gracious ear  
To what the youngest child can say.”

Remember, then, this *one* thing, if nothing more, LITTLE SARAH WAS ALWAYS VERY FOND OF PRAYER.

## LETTER V.

SARAH NOT AFRAID TO DIE.

*Dear Children,*

I have said that little Sarah was fond of prayer. Perhaps you wonder why it was, that she was so fond of it. You will see why it was, if you attend to what I am now going to tell you.

Little Sarah, it seems, was much afraid of sinning, especially during her sickness. One day, as she lay on the bed in her sick room, she seemed to be talking to herself; but the people in the room heard what she said. And what do you think it was? She said she was afraid she should tell a lie; and then, without any body's speaking to her, she spoke out very loud, and



with great earnestness, "*Please, God, don't let me tell a lie.*" This, then, was one reason why she liked to pray—she wished God to keep her from sinning.

But to proceed with the story of Sarah's sickness—on Friday night, Sarah had another very ill turn. The people that watched with her, thought she was dying, and so they called up her father and mother, and the others, that they might see her die. She did not, however, die then, but unexpectedly revived again. As the watchers were standing around her, she said to one of them, "It is not necessary for me (meaning herself) to stay to-day." "Why?" said the watcher; "Do you think you shall go to heaven?" "Oh, I hope I shall," said she; "I had as lief die as not;" and then seeing all the family, who had just been called up to see her die, standing around her, she added, "I say—I

say, I want to have all my folks hear me say, *I had as lief die as not.*"

One of them asked her if she prayed. "*O yes,*" was her reply. But, "why do you pray?" they inquired. "*Because,*" said she, "*because it makes me so happy.*" Yes, dear children, that was why she loved to pray—it made her happy. Prayer can change death's agonies to the joys of heaven.

Immediately after this, Sarah said, "Mr. ——— prayed for me, and I wish he would pray with me again." It so happened, that Mr. ——— was there that night, and Sarah's mother therefore requested him to make a short prayer. He did so. After prayer, he asked Sarah if he had said enough. "Not quite," said she. About the same time, she said again, that she was willing to die. Some one asked her again, if she thought she should go to heaven. "I think I shall," was her reply. The next

morning (Saturday) she said many other things like these, but the family do not remember how she expressed herself.

From this time to her death, she became weaker and weaker, and seldom spoke, except to answer questions. The day before she died, which was the Sabbath, she spoke only two or three times, though she seemed to have her senses. When any thing was given her to take, it was with great difficulty that she could swallow it. Still, she never refused to take any thing, but on the contrary, whenever requested to take any thing, she always seemed to make an effort to obey. This, indeed, she did during all her sickness.

Her cousin, who was with her and took care of her during a great part of her sickness, and who told me nearly all of what I have been telling you

about her, writes thus—"During her sickness I never heard her murmur or complain. When asked how she did, she almost invariably replied, 'a little better;' or, 'not very well.' At length, after enduring almost every pain, and suffering much distress, on Monday evening, her spirit took its flight to the eternal world—I trust, to a world where sin and suffering are known no more."

"Happy soul, thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below :  
Go! by angel guards attended,  
To the arms of Jesus, go."

Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
Lo! the Saviour stands above;  
Shows the purchase of his merit;  
Reaches out a crown of love."

And now, dear children, I have finished all I have to tell you of little Sarah. She is dead and gone. Her body is laid in the cold grave, and is moul-

dering away to dust. She will never come back again to this world, to see her father or mother, or brothers or cousins, or uncles or aunts ; or her Sabbath school teachers, or those little children that used to go to the Sabbath school, and learn to sing little verses and hymns with her. *No* ; she never will come back to them. And so too, she never will come back to see me, her dear minister, that she loved so much. She is gone to that world from which nobody ever comes back. So that we must all go to her. Yes, her minister that she loved so much ; and those little children, that went to the Sabbath school with her, and were at her funeral and saw her, when she lay in the coffin cold and dead ; and her Sabbath school teachers ; and all her friends—uncle, aunt, cousin, brother, father, mother—*all must go to her*. And it will not be a great while, before

we shall go. Oh, that we might all be able on our dying bed, to say as Sarah said, "I had as lief die as not ; I say—I say, I want all my folks to hear me say, *I had as lief die as not !*" Oh ! that scholars, teachers, minister, uncle, aunt, cousin, brother, father, mother—all might die as Sarah died, and go up with her to that brighter world, where her Saviour lives and smiles, and all is peace, and sin and sorrow never come.

" There shall we bathe the weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest ;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across the peaceful breast."

But ah ! if we do not die as Sarah died—and you, dear children, who never knew little Sarah, if you do not die as she died, what then will become of us ? And what too, will become of you ? Think of this. Think of it—*What will become of you—where will*

*you go—what can you do, when you come to die, if you do not live as Sarah lived, nor love the Saviour that Sarah loved, and cannot die as Sarah died?*

In conclusion, I bid you all, dear children, an affectionate farewell. Remember all I have said. Think, especially, that you, as well as little Sarah, may become a Christian, even now in your very childhood. And may the great God our Saviour, grant that you may all die in peace and sleep in Jesus; and, in the morning of the resurrection, come up out of your graves along with little Sarah, to dwell forever with your Saviour.

And, Sabbath school teachers, hold on your way. Be of good courage. Lift up the hands that hang down. Pray without ceasing. Ye shall reap if ye faint not. Oh, those gems—those infant, yet immortal gems, that will

forever sparkle in your crown of rejoicing, *if ye do your duty.*

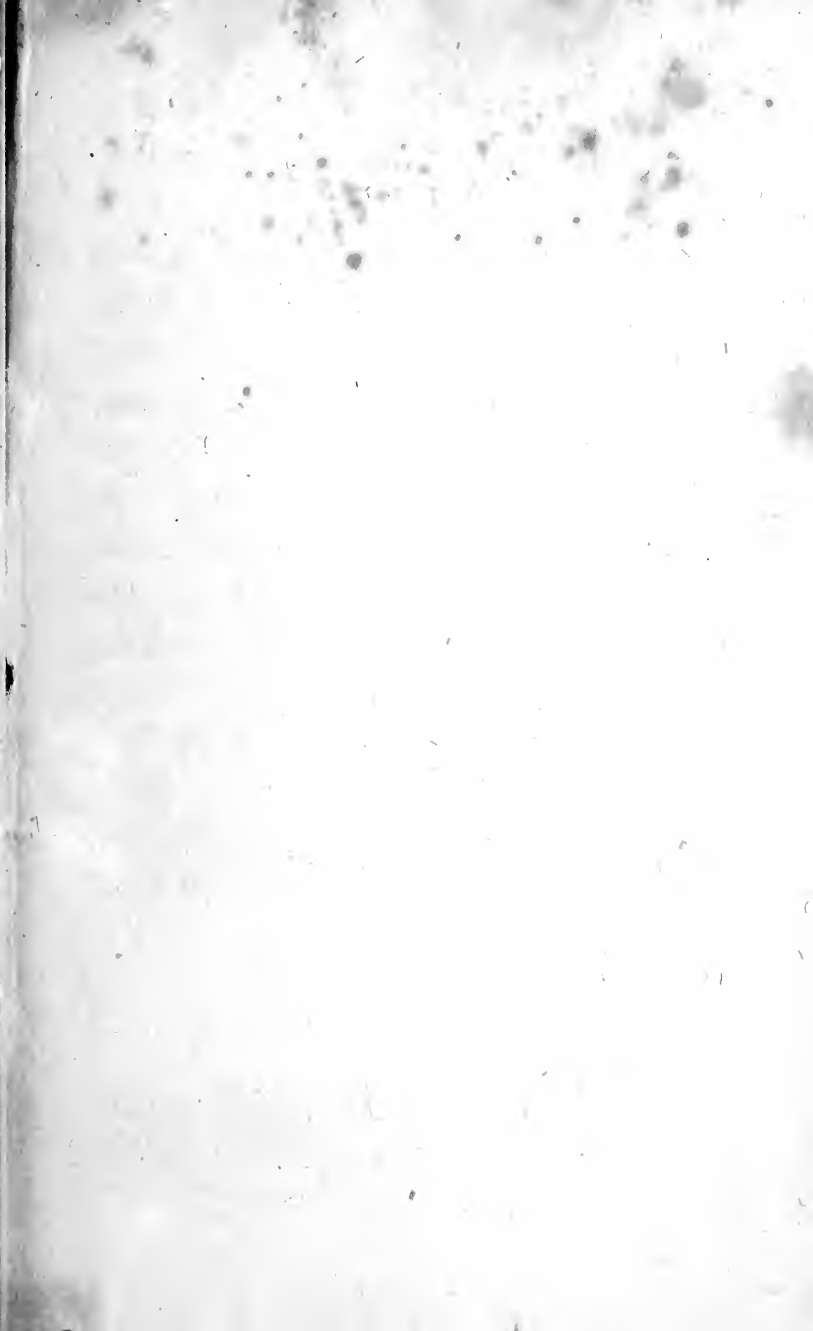
And, afflicted parents, from out of her narrow home, your Sarah speaks to you. She speaks to you in warning. "Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." You cannot surely forget it. So too she speaks in consolation. For though her lips are closed in death, and her body is mouldering back to dust, still methinks I hear her say, "Weep not for me—I'm not afraid to die, I'm not afraid to die. I had as lief die as not." I remain, as ever,

Your sincere friend,

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THE END.





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